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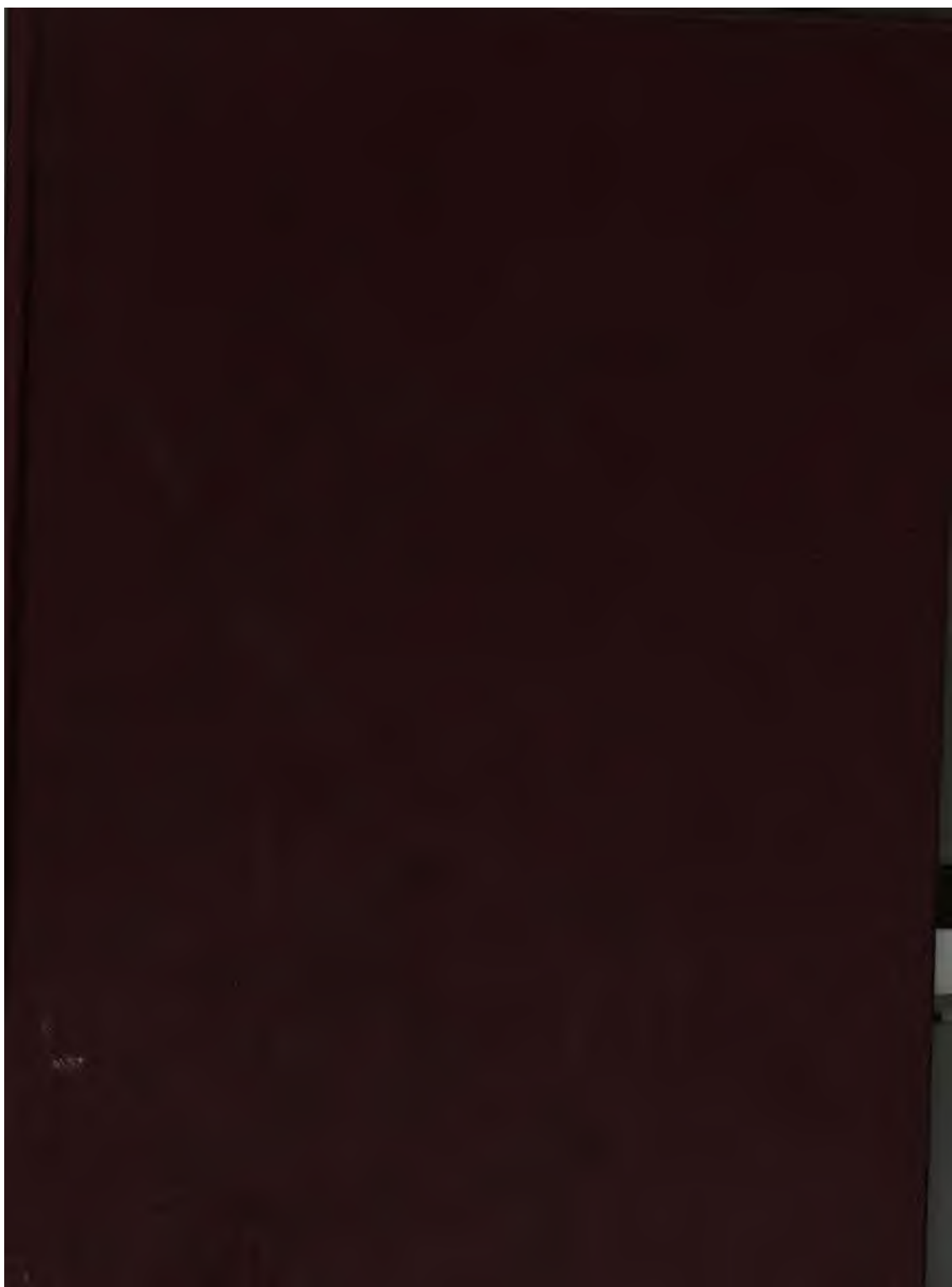
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ODE ON THE MORNING OF
CHRIST'S NATIVITY

MILTON'S
ODE ON THE MORNING OF
CHRIST'S NATIVITY



ILLUSTRATED BY EMINENT ARTISTS

LONDON
JAMES NISBET AND CO., BERNERS STREET
1868

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LIONEL DE JERSEY HARVARD
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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

*Designed by Lorenz Frölich, Albert Moore, W. Small,
Caroline Hullah, J. Jackson, C. J. Durham, and E. M. Wimperis.
Engraved by W. J. Palmer.*

SUBJECT ILLUSTRATED.	DRAWN BY	PAGE
<div style="text-align: center;">PORTRAIT OF JOHN MILTON, FROM THE YANSER PORTRAIT.</div>	<i>T. Scott.</i>	Title-Page
This is the month, and this the happy morn.	<i>E. M. Wimperis.</i>	8 ✓
For so the holy sages once did sing.	<i>W. Small.</i>	9 ✓
See, how from far, upon the eastern road, The star-led wisards haste with odours sweet.	<i>E. M. Wimperis.</i>	10 ✓
EMBLEMATIC TITLE TO "THE HYMN."	<i>C. J. Durham.</i>	11 ✓
It was the winter wild, While the heaven-born child All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies.	<i>W. Small.</i>	12 ✓
INITIAL LETTER.	<i>C. J. Durham.</i>	12 ✓
Nature, in awe to him, Had doff'd her gaudy trim, With her great Master so to sympathise.	<i>Albert Moore.</i>	13 ✓
BETHLEHEM.	<i>E. M. Wimperis.</i>	14 ✓
<div style="text-align: center;">The meek-ey'd Peace ; She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding Down through the turning sphere, His ready harbinger, With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ; And, waving wide her myrtle wand, She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.</div>	<i>L. Frölich.</i>	15 ✓

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No war, or battle's sound.		
MARS, HIS ARMS LAID ASIDE—ADAPTED FROM FLAXMAN.	<i>J. Jackson.</i>	16 ✓
The idle spear and shield were high up hung.	<i>W. Small.</i>	17 ✓
The winds with wonder whist, Smoothly the waters kist, Whispering new joys to the mild ocean, Who now hath quite forgot to rave, While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.		
NEPTUNE CALMING THE OCEAN—ADAPTED FROM FLAXMAN.	<i>J. Jackson.</i>	18 ✓
CHRIST WALKING ON THE WAVES.	<i>E. M. Wimperis.</i>	18 ✓
SEA-PIECE.	<i>E. M. Wimperis.</i>	19 ✓
The stars, with deep amaze, Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze, Bending one way their precious influence ; And will not take their flight, For all the morning light, Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ; But in their glimmering orbs did glow, Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.		
And, though the shady gloom Had given day her room, The sun himself withheld his wonted speed.		
APOLLO CHECKING HIS STEEDS—ADAPTED FROM FLAXMAN.	<i>J. Jackson.</i>	20 ✓
THE MORNING OF THE NATIVITY.	<i>E. M. Wimperis.</i>	21 ✓
Full little thought they then, That the mighty Pan Was kindly come to live with them below.		
THE ADORATION OF PAN—ADAPTED FROM FLAXMAN.	<i>J. Jackson.</i>	22 ✓

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THE INFANT GOOD SHEPHERD.	<i>Caroline E. Hullah.</i>	22	✓
THE SHEPHERDS KEEPING WATCH.	<i>W. Small.</i>	23	✓
Nature that heard such sound, Beneath the hollow round Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling.			
CYNTHIA—ADAPTED FROM HOPE.	<i>J. Jackson.</i>	24	✓
MOONLIGHT.	<i>E. M. Wimperis.</i>	25	✓
At last surrounds their sight A globe of circular light, That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd ; The helmed Cherubim, And sworded Seraphim, Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd, Harping in loud and solemn quire, With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born Heir.	<i>L. Frölich.</i>	26	✓
And cast the dark foundations deep, And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep."	<i>E. M. Wimperis.</i>	27	✓
And, with your ninefold harmony, Make up full consort to the angelick symphony.			
THE MUSES.	<i>Albert Moore.</i>	28	✓
Yea, Truth and Justice then Will down return to men, Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glorious wear- ing, Mercy will sit between, Thron'd in celestial sheen, With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering.			
IRIS DESCENDING TO EARTH—ADAPTED FROM FLAXMAN.	<i>J. Jackson.</i>	29	✓

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SUBJECT ILLUSTRATED.	DRAWN BY	PAGE
MERCY, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.	<i>L. Frölich.</i>	30 ✓
<p>The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy, That on the bitter cross Must redeem our loss ; So both himself and us to glorify : Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep, The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep ; With such a horrid clang As on Mount Sinai rang, While the red fire and smouldering clouds out brake : The aged earth aghast, With terrour of that blast, Shall from the surface to the center shake ; When, at the world's last session, The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne. And then at last our bliss Full and perfect is, But now begins ; for, from this happy day, The old Dragon, under ground In straiter limits bound, Not half so far casts his usurped sway ; And, wroth to see his kingdom fail, Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail. THE CHILD JESUS, WITH VISIONS OF FUTURE SUFFERING AND TRIUMPH.</p>	<i>L. Frölich.</i>	31 ✓
MOUNT SINAI.	<i>E. M. Wimperis.</i>	32 ✓
<p>The oracles are dumb, No voice or hideous hum Runs through the arched roof in words de- ceiving.</p>		
THE HEATHEN ORACLE SUPERSEDED.	<i>C. F. Durham.</i>	33 ✓

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SUBJECT ILLUSTRATED.	DRAWN BY	PAGE
Apollo from his shrine Can no more divine, With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving. No nightly trance, or breathed spell, Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetick cell. THE PARNASSUS (on which formerly stood the Temple of Apollo), AND STEEP OF DELPHOS, at the foot of which now stands the Chapel of St. John beside the famous Castalian spring.	<i>E. M. Wimperis.</i>	34 ✓
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.	<i>Albert Moore.</i>	35 ✓
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint. FLAMEN, PRIESTESS, POURING A LIBATION— ADAPTED FROM HOPE.	<i>J. Jackson.</i>	36 ✓
Peor and Baälim Forsake their temples dim With that twice-batter'd God of Palestine ; And mooned Ashtaroth, Heaven's queen and mother both, Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ; The Libyck Hammon shrinks his horn, In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.		
RUINED TEMPLE.	<i>E. M. Wimperis.</i>	37 ✓
TYRIAN MAIDS LAMENTING.	<i>Caroline E. Hullah.</i>	37 ✓
And sullen Moloch, fled, Hath left in shadows dread His burning idol all of blackest hue ; In vain with cymbals' ring They call the grisly king, In dismal dance about the furnace blue.	<i>W. Small.</i>	38 ✓
Nor is Osiris seen In Memphian grove or green. MEMPHIAN GROVE.	<i>E. M. Wimperis.</i>	39 ✓

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SUBJECT ILLUSTRATED.	DRAWN BY	PAGE
He feels from Juda's land The dreaded Infant's hand, The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ; Nor all the gods beside Longer dare abide, Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine : Our Babe, to show his Godhead true, Can in his swaddling bands controul the damned crew.		
INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING THE SNAKE —ADAPTED FROM FIGURE IN ROYAL GALLERY OF FLORENCE.	<i>J. Jackson.</i>	40 ✓
INFANT JESUS TRIUMPHING OVER HEATHEN GODS.	<i>L. Frölich.</i>	41 ✓
So, when the sun in bed, Curtain'd with cloudy red, Pillows his chin upon an orient wave, The flocking shadows pale Troop to the infernal jail, Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ; And the yellow-skirted Fayses Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon- loved maze.	<i>C. J. Durham.</i>	42 ✓
But see, the Virgin blest Hath laid her Babe to rest ; Time is, our tedious song should here have ending ; Heaven's youngest-teemed star Hath fix'd her polish'd car, Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending : And all about the courtly stable Bright harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable."	<i>L. Frölich.</i>	43 ✓





ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring ;
For so the holy sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside ; and, here with us to be,

Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.
Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant-God ?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright ?
See, how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet ;
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.







THE HYMN



T was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies :
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise :





It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air

To hide her guilty front with innocent snow :
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,

The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;

She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding



Down through the turning sphere,
His ready Harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.



No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood ;



The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

 But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :



The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.





The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence ;



And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,





And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame

The new-enlighten'd world no more should need ;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,





Sat simply chatting in a rustick row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;





Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.



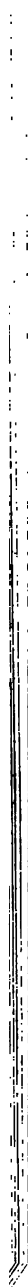
When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook ;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won



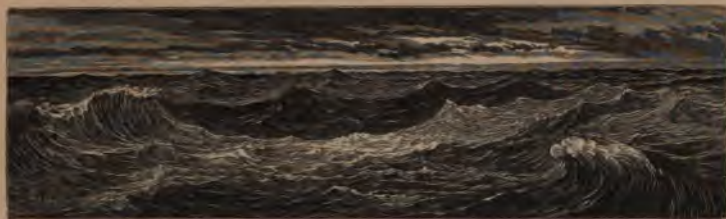
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd ;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.





Such musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.



Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow ;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelick symphony.



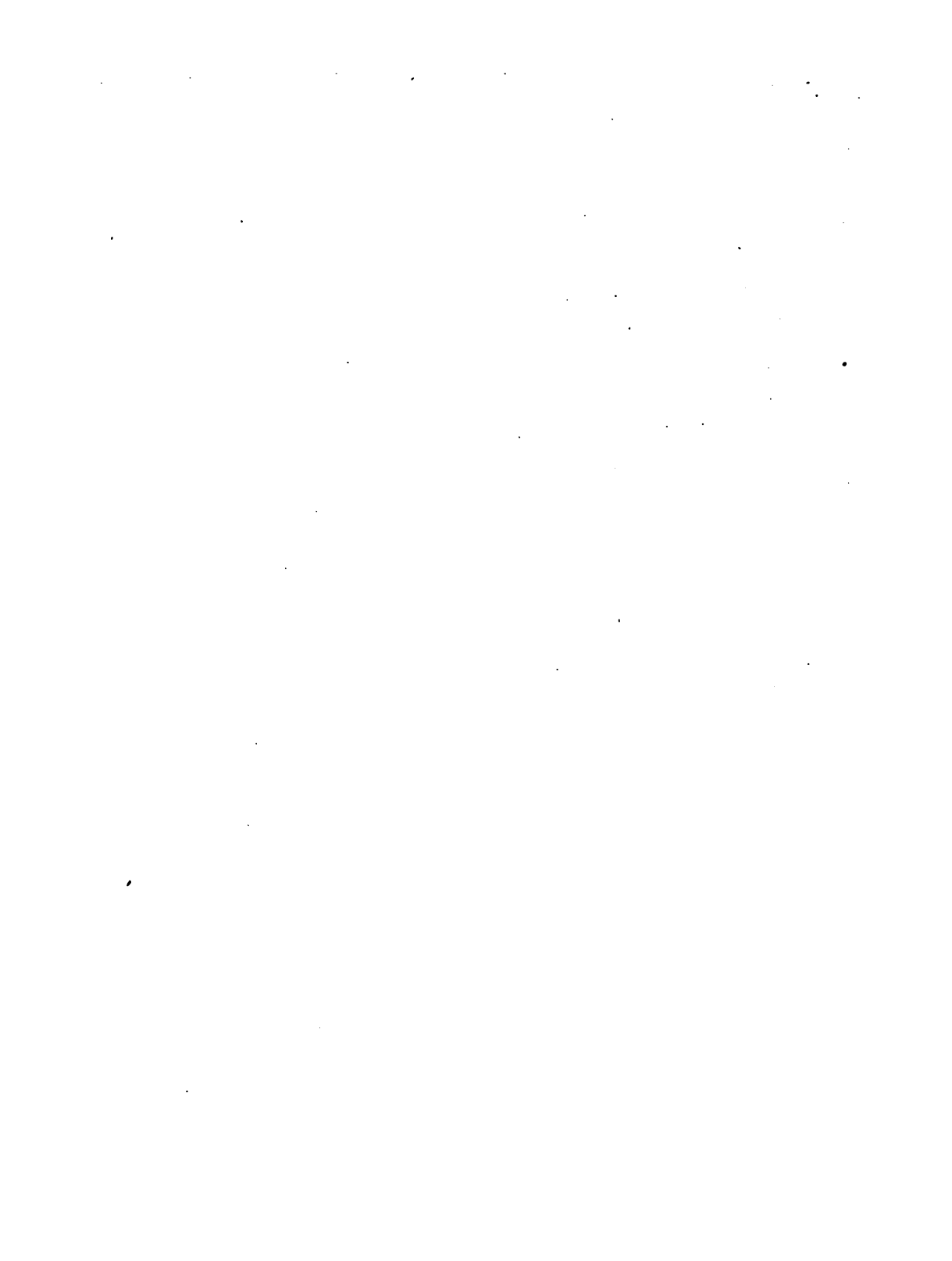




For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
 Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glorious wearing,
Mercy will sit between,





Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.



But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,

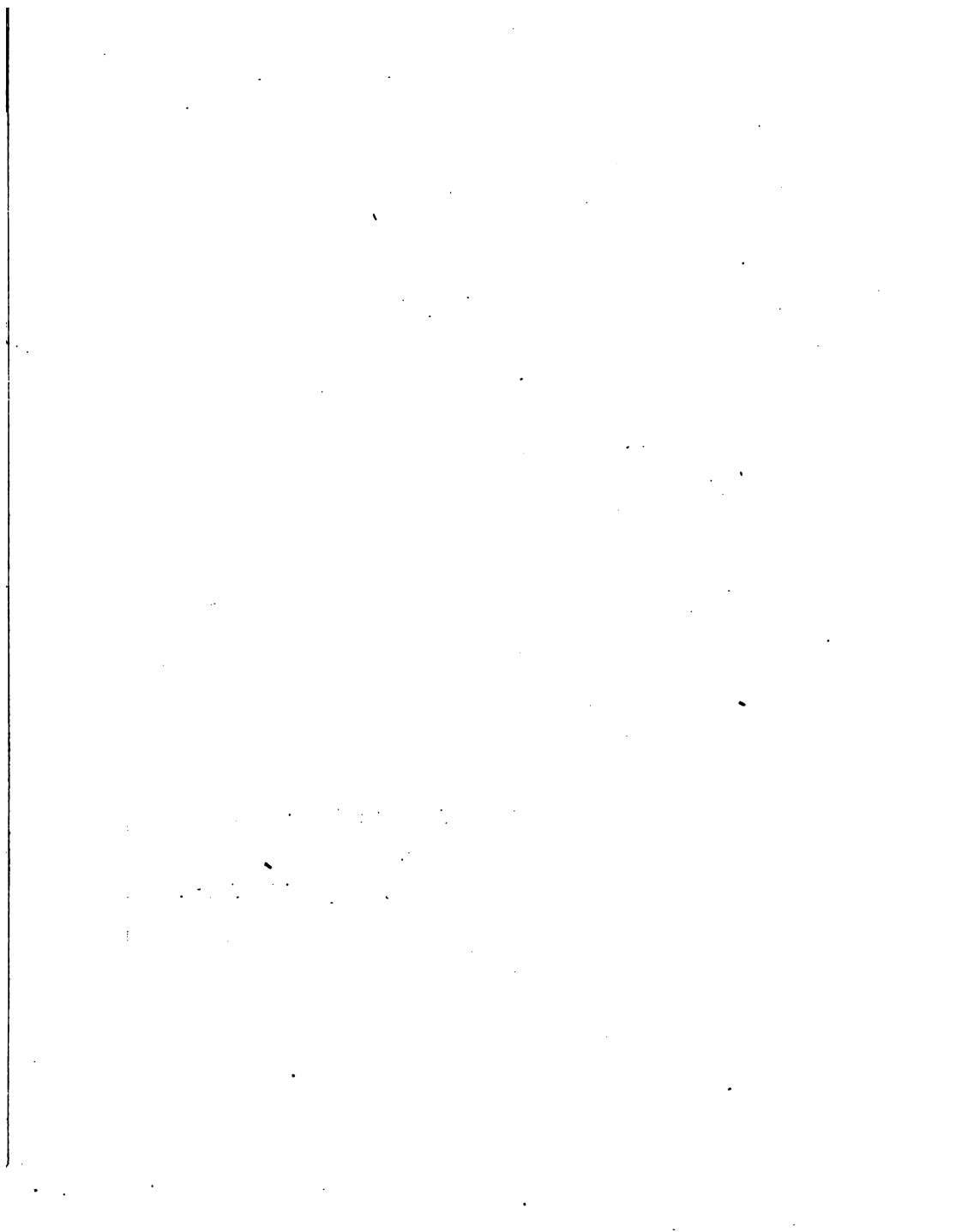
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
 So both himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep ;

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds out brake :



The aged earth aghast,
With terrour of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the center shake ;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

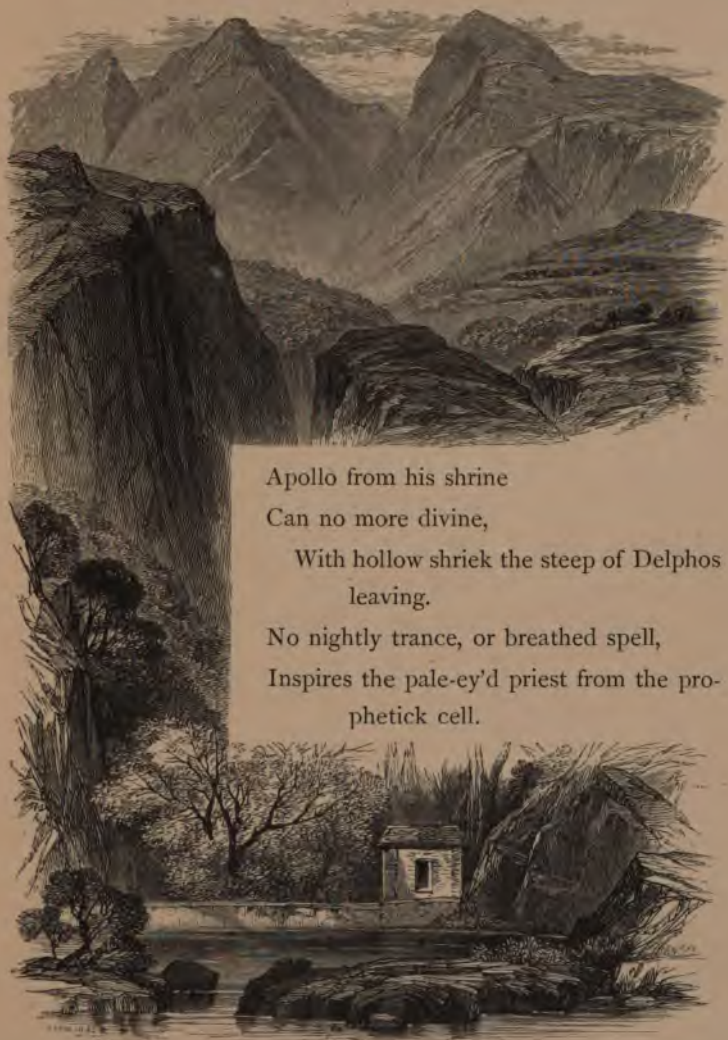
And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
 But now begins ; for, from this happy day,
The old Dragon, under ground





In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.

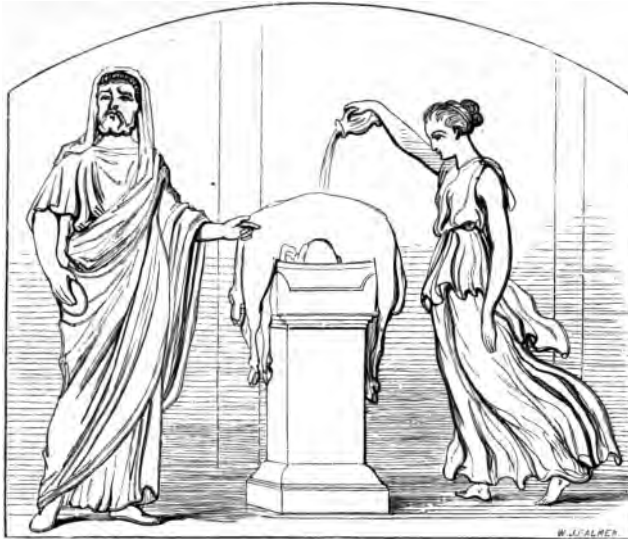


Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
 leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
From haunted spring and dale,



Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.



In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars, and Lemures, moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,



With that twice-batter'd God of Palestine ;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
The Libyck Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.





And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue :

The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,



Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud :
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;



Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,



The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,



Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands controul the damned crew.



So, when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;
 And the yellow-skirted Fayes
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze

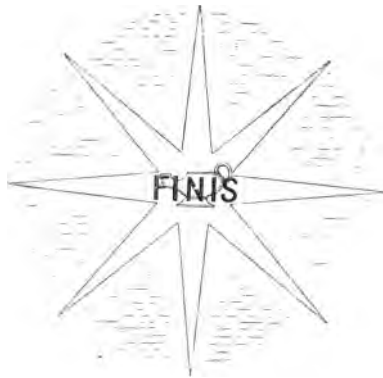


But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;



Time is, our tedious song should here
have ending ;
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,

Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.









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